

CHAPTER FIVE

... And They Loved the Lord Their God

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Later developments, however, and an influx of non-Church members forced a separation and the appointment of civil officials in the territory by officers of the federal government.

As the central settlement of Salt Lake City became established and the community grew, President Young called faithful members of the Church to begin colonizing the outlying areas. Valleys that showed promise of sufficient water and livable climates were scouted and plans were made for settlements.

Those who left their homes in Salt Lake or other established areas often suffered extreme privation before they conquered the elements and created homes and farms to sustain themselves. Moving into an area, they first had to select farm and home sites that appeared suitable. The land had to be cleared and irrigation waters controlled. Logs had to be hewn for homes and buildings. These dwellings usually had dirt floors, dirt roofs and mud packed into the cracks between the logs.

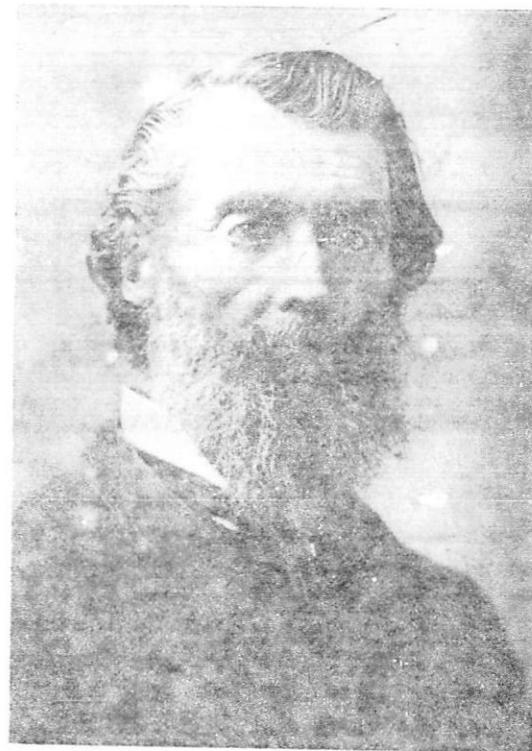
Yet, in spite of hardships that would have caused a less hardy people to give up and return to the areas that others before them had won from the wilderness, these people kept on struggling until victory was theirs.

The motivating influence that helped them endure the struggles of winning a new land was a firm faith that what they were doing was inspired of God. Believing in the divine mission of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, they knew that their pioneering work would open the way for others to carry on the work of God on the earth.

As members of the Church moved into the Wasatch or Provo Valley area they quickly built churches in which to worship and renew their faith and conviction. The first group that moved into the valley selected William Meeks to be their spiritual leader. However, when Elder Meeks chose not to make a permanent home in the valley, William Madison Wall was named presiding elder over the new valley, and given authority to conduct Church business.

The first chapel, a log structure 20x40 feet, was built in time for the Pioneer Day celebration, July 24, 1860, and served the saints for nearly five years. Though it was small and its furnishings crude, it was accepted in the sight of the Lord. Those who came within its walls to worship were blessed abundantly with His spirit.

Because the people had faith that their new valley would be fruitful and yield food to sustain their lives, they were blessed profusely by the Lord. Their numbers grew rapidly and in 1861 the officials of the Church felt a ward should be organized.



JOSEPH STACY MURDOCK
First Bishop of Heber City

A familiar pattern in early Church government was followed as President Young and the general authorities established the ward in Heber. Joseph S. Murdock, not a resident of the valley, yet a man who had proved his ability in Church leadership, was ordained as bishop of the new ward. Under the direction of Church officials he moved with his family to Heber City and set about to organize the new ward. This pattern of calling Bishops and Stake Presidents was followed for many years by President Young and his successors, and proved to be a valuable train-

HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS

FIRST WASATCH COUNTY STAKE PRESIDENCY



President Abram Hatch

Thomas H. Giles
First CounselorHenry S. Alexander
Second Counselor

County. The wards at that time were Heber East, Heber West, Midway, Wallsburg, Charleston, Buysville, Upper Daniels, Center, Lake Creek, Francis, Benchcreek, Elkhorn, Riverdale and Woodland. In Uintah County there were Ashley Center, Mill District, Ashley Fork and Merrill Wards.

Some of the stake officers appointed at the time of stake organization were Thomas Todd, president of the Elders Quorum with Orson Hicken and Henry Ohlwiler as counselors. John M. Murdock was named president of the High Priests Quorum with John Jordan and Charles N. Carroll as counselors. Thomas Rasband was appointed to preside over the priests. Thomas Hicken Sr. to preside over teachers and J. Heber Moulton over the deacons. William Forman was named to act as the agent for the Presiding Bishop of the Church. Emma Brown

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was chosen as president of the stake Relief Society, with Mary Daybell and Sarah Alexander as counselors.

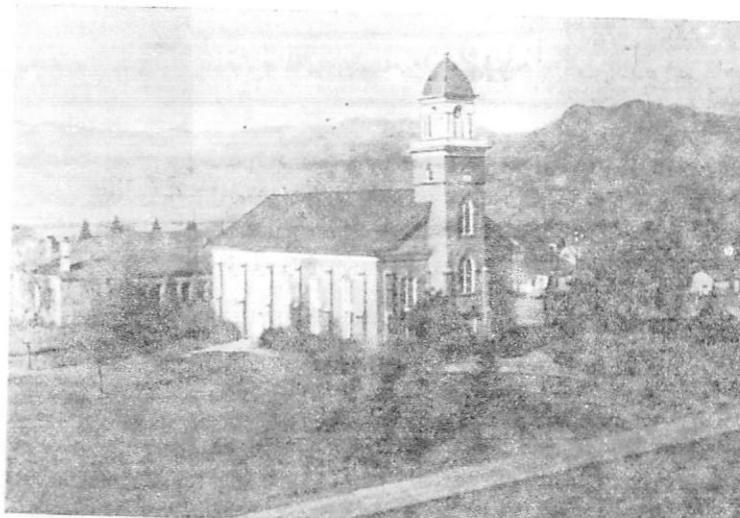
According to the stake statistical report of February 3, 1878, the membership of Wasatch Stake totaled 2,296 persons and 392 families. There were 90 High Priests, 40 Seventies, 162 Elders, 16 Priests, 33 Teachers, 34 Deacons, 1,141 other members and 780 children under eight years of age.

By 1887, ten years after the stake was organized, President Hatch realized the need for a stake house or stake tabernacle. In that year he rallied the people to the cause and built the entire structure with donated labor and materials. Cost of the building was more than \$30,000. However, all donated their quota either in labor, materials or cash and the project went forward rapidly. Youngsters, and some older people, would save pennies and nickels and when they had accumulated 25 or 30 cents, make a contribution to the project.

President Hatch himself served as superintendent of the project with Elisha Averett in charge of the masonry work and Alex Fortie directing the carpentry work. The shingles, on the tower of the building, were cut from sheet metal and placed by Frederick O. Buell. Francis Kirby did the painting. The red sandstone was quarried by hand from mountains east of Heber in Lake Creek.

The building was ready for dedication May 5, 1889, and Elder Francis M. Lyman of the Council of the Twelve came for the dedication. An item in the "Wasatch Wave" of May 4, 1889 noted the event as follows:

"The Stake House is finished and cleaned in beautiful style ready



The Wasatch Stake Tabernacle
The building was constructed between 1887 and 1889.

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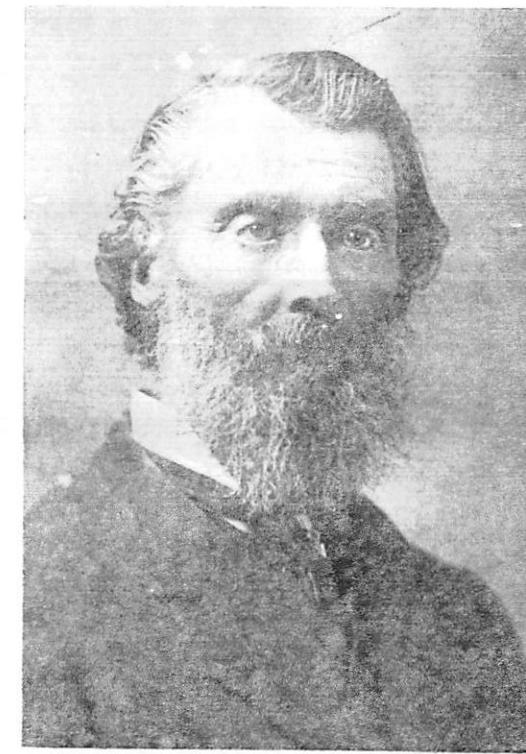
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William Madison Wall, for whom Wallsburg was named, and his five wives, Nancy, Emma, Elizabeth, Suzie and Sarah.

ever, he warned them that the first one to break in would be killed. No one volunteered to be first.

The next morning, as he left the hotel, Elder Wall was surrounded by a mob brandishing ropes and threatening to "string him up." He felt almost as if his time to die had come, and asked to speak a few last words. He said in his journal, later:

"I had one little wish to impress upon their minds, and that was that some of them had to die in the operation and I did not wish to kill any man that had a drop of honest blood in him; if there were any such men I begged them to withdraw and let the worst hounds they had remain to do the deed, as I should certainly kill three or four."

Apparently all in the mob felt honest for Elder Wall went free.

Returning to Provo, he was appointed marshal of Provo and then sheriff of Utah County.

His tenure as sheriff was often bullet-punctuated since the friction between Mormons and anti-Mormons was high, and federal troops commanded by General Johnston were also stationed in Utah County.

The Deseret News of Jan. 6, 1859, noted briefly that "last Friday

evening when W. M. Wall, Marshal of Provo, was walking through the streets of that city a ball was shot through his hat and grazed his head and knocked him down."

Wall was also one of the most skillful Indian negotiators among the Mormons and frequently served assignments for President Brigham Young in pacifying the Indians. Many of his dealings with the Indians are discussed in detail in Chapter 7.

"Provo" Valley was discovered early in the 1850's by three men who climbed the Wasatch Range from Big Cottonwood canyon and descended the western slopes of the valley. Their report created much interest and ways were immediately sought to get into the valley. By 1855 or '56 the pioneers began taking their cattle in via an Indian trail that began near Pleasant Grove, up Grove Creek over the northwest end of Timpanogos, down Bear canyon to the left fork of American Fork canyon, up this canyon to the summit and thence down into the Midway area.

On the 19th of January 1855 the State Legislature incorporated the Provo Canyon Road Co. which authorized Aaron Johnson, Thomas S. Williams, Evan M. Green and William Wall to build a road up Provo Canyon. Very little was done at this time, however. In June of 1856 William M. Wall was called on a mission to serve in Australia. He returned late in 1857, having been called home because of the Johnston's Army affair. Early in 1858, he and others began talking about the "road" again and on June 8, 1858 Brigham Young called a meeting at Provo, organized a new Company and work was started immediately. The road was to go from Provo through Provo Canyon to the Kamas Bench and thence on to the "Mormon Trail" in Weber Canyon. \$19,000.00 was allocated for the cost of the road, much of which was paid for in "Deseret Script."

A large bridge in Provo Canyon was completed about the 13th of October and by the 12th of Nov. 1858 the road was near enough completed that "100 teamsters started for the United States over the new road." (Deseret News, Nov. 12, 1858).

The first group of settlers to go into the valley over the new road were George Washington Bean, William Meeks, Aaron Daniels and William Wall. The Beans and Walls settled near the neck of the canyon in the south end of the valley, where they had established their headquarters during the construction of the road. Daniels and Meeks went further north.

George Washington Bean, a surveyor and Indian interpreter, had with his brother, James, been very active in getting the new road built. George W. Bean was the first to take up ground in Round Valley and in the fall of 1860 he sold his holdings in Provo Valley to his father-in-law, William M. Wall, so he could spend his entire efforts improving his holdings in Round Valley. He mentions in his writings about having to go by way of Salt Lake City and Park City to get to their ranch because of the floods of 1862. By 1864 he was no longer in Round Valley.

*100 Years
on
The Muddy*



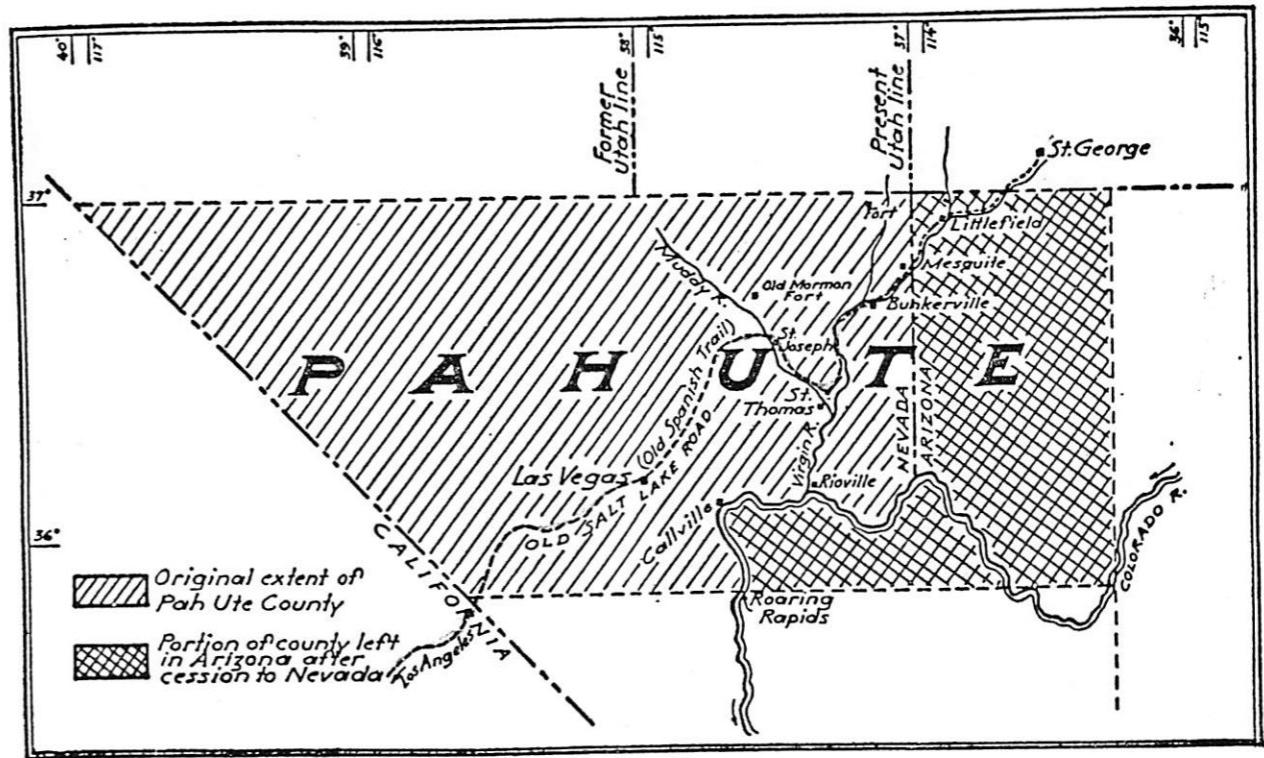
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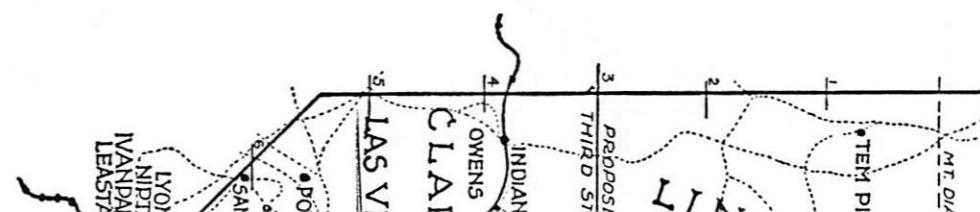
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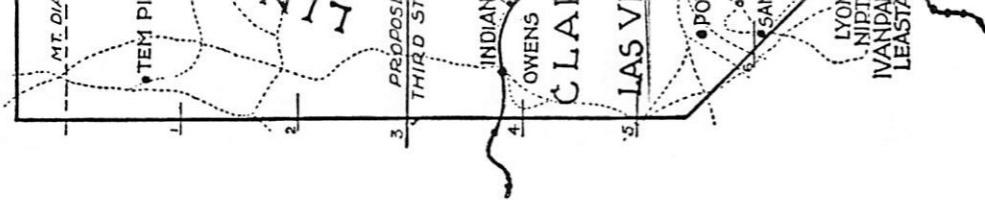
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Printed by
Art City Publishing Company
Springville, Utah

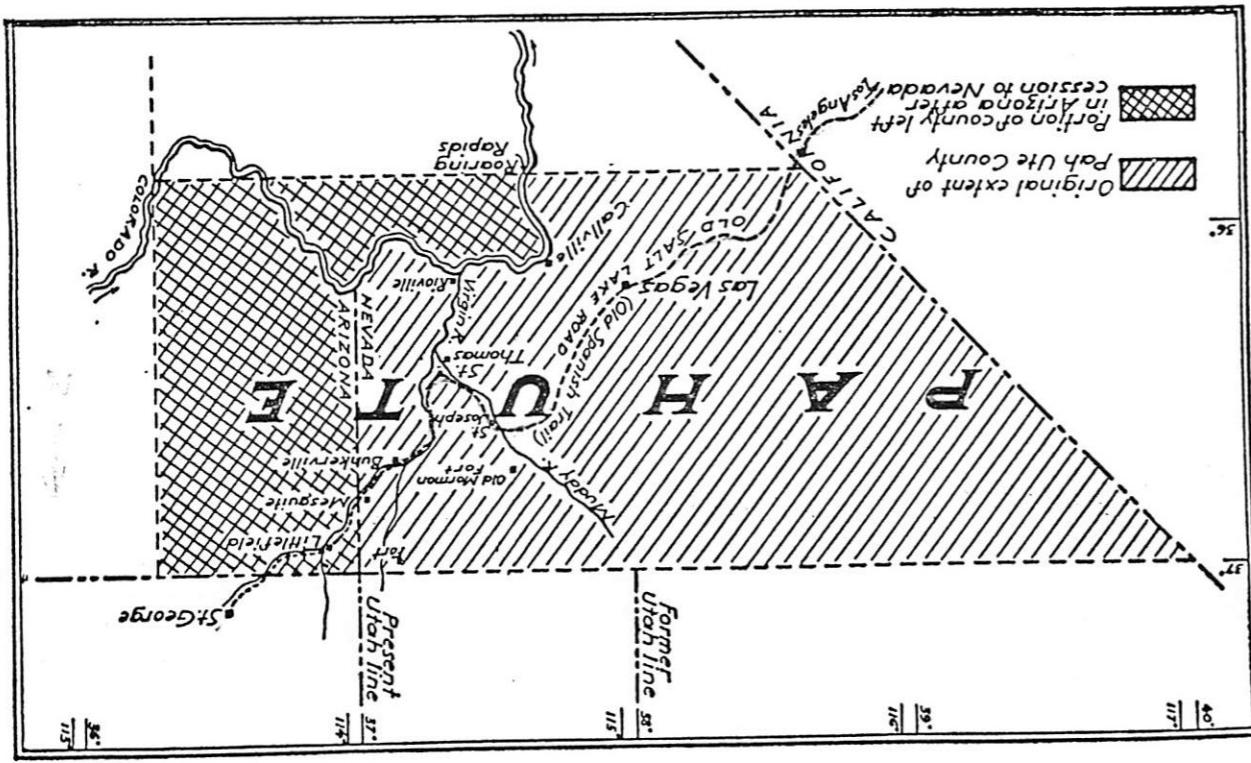


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Manian Miller, C. P. Miles, Zephyr Leksey Nixon, Maurice Nuttall, and Oscar Young, son of Brigham Young, are all found listed in some histories and church records, and others in a pioneer book published in 1912.

MUDDY MISSION

An original account by James Leithead

In the spring of 1866 I left my family in Farmington in company with brother Henry Steed and Thomas Smith of Farmington, who was president of the mission on the Muddy and had been up to Farmington and was returning again to the Muddy. The snow had been very deep all over that winter and the roads were very bad all the way until we reached St. George. From there a great portion of the way along the Virgin River was sandy and the river which we had to cross many times was exceedingly dangerous on account of the quicksand. We arrived at our destination on 16th of March, 1866.

A few days after our arrival at St. Thomas, the Indians made a raid on the settlement of St. Joseph, about nine or ten miles above St. Thomas on the same stream, and carried off some sixty head of cattle and although pursued were never recovered. About the first work we engaged in was to survey a new townsite about a mile further down stream and about a mile from the junction of the Muddy with the Rio Virgin River. We moved to our new townsite and commenced to make adobes preparatory to building; breaking up ground and putting in grain, and making ditches. Brother Henry Steed, my companion from Farmington, and I came with two span of horses and one wagon letting President Thomas Smith have my wagon for the trip. Brother Steed and myself put in a few acres of oats and put up a small adobe hut, made some ditches, and then about the first of May he left for home. I stayed and took care of the crop, roofed our shanty with willow rafters and willow sheeting tied with twine and thatched with tulle from the swamp, a tall three-cornered grass which answered very well. The summers were hot, very hot indeed. It was impossible to sleep in our shanties, so we slept on the ground or on some scaffold above the ground as high as the material we had would allow. I went home in the fall and back again in the winter, and in the spring we put in quite a quantity of grain and cotton and garden stuff. We had sown wheat in the fall and the harvest came from the middle of May to the middle of June. Some of the land produced large crops of wheat as high as 69 bushels per acre and of excellent quality. Some of the land was so impregnated with alkali that nothing would grow on it. Lucern grew exceedingly well and could cut six crops a year. Our garden was a partial failure for a year or two, but became better after being watered and cultivated a year or two. That was our experience at St. Thomas. Other portions of the valley were better adapted than our was for small seeds, except melons. They grew there to perfection and we raised great quantities of them.

When Major Powell made his first trip down the Colorado River he landed at the mouth of the Rio Virgin, 25 miles from St. Thomas. He sent an Indian with a note directed to the postmaster, stating that he had landed and would stay a few days before proceeding farther, and to send any letters or papers for him and his men. He also intimated that they were short of everything at that time. I was postmaster at that time at St. Thomas. The Indian arrived in the night, and I wrote a note stating that I would be down next day and would bring the mail with me. In the morning I got Brother Andrew Gibbons to go with me, taking 100 pounds of flour, some tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and twenty-five very fine watermelons. It was after night before reaching camp, but he was expecting us and met us a short distance from camp, bare headed having lost his hat during his perilous trip down the river. They had a blazing fire burning when we drove up, and when we tumbled out the melons they went into them with a will. After being for months running the river's fearful rapids, wet day after day, it was a treat unlooked for. After talking until after midnight, we made our beds to take a rest. In a short time the major came and asked if we were asleep. When we told him "no" he said, "You may as well get up, I want to talk and hear the news." We got up and after satisfying him he gave us some account of his trip down the river. He had one of his boats smashed all to pieces and its contents and occupants thrown into the raging rapids, but escaped with their lives. Another boat was left at the head of the last rapids because two of his men refused to run the rapids, and he left the boat with the hope that after seeing him through safely they would follow in the boat. He also left them part of the bedding, food, guns, and ammunition. They attempted to cross the country to get to St. George and were killed by Indians. Afterward I learned of their fate and wrote Major Powell and acquainted him of the fact. He was very much concerned about them, feared they would perish, and so they did.

In the morning before Brother Gibbons and I were ready to start, the major had concluded to go with us to St. Thomas; also his brother. He let his other men have the boats and everything else left from the ravages of the river to pursue their way to Fort Mohave. He gave them an order on the commandment there for sixty days' rations, and we returned to St. Thomas arriving there before night. We learned that Brother Henry Nebeker had started that morning with four horses and wagon for Payson and would camp that night twenty miles up the river. So we set to work and prepared the major and his brother with food to last them to St. George, got some young men to overtake Nebeker during the night as he could give them passage to Payson. I furnished the major a hat, his brother a pair of shoes, and some other articles which I don't remember now. All of this I furnished myself as well as what I took to the river. Flour at that time was ten dollars per hundred pounds.

To return to the mission, it required much labor to make and keep the ditches open. A company of Salt Lake merchants had built a large

stone warehouse on the Colorado River about forty miles from St. Thomas with a view of some of the immigration to Utah coming that way. I was told that it cost the men of the company \$18,000 by one of the members. One summer Brother A. Gibbons and myself were employed to put the roof on and doors and windows in, which we did, by putting on a very flat roof, covering it with cloth prepared for the purpose, and putting on a coating over the cloth of some kind of pitch. A cargo of goods, general merchandise, was sent from San Francisco, California, by steamer, but it fell through owing to the difficulty of navigating the river and obstacles that then seemed unsurmountable. The location was named "Callville."

About the second year I succeeded President Thomas Smith as president of the mission, and was ordained bishop of the St. Thomas Ward by Apostle Erastus Snow. President Smith was released on account of ill health. I chose Andrew Gibbons and Warren Foote as my counselors. We supposed we were in Arizona, and a county was organized named "Pah Ute." We sent a member to the legislature and paid taxes to that county.

During our stay on the Muddy, President Brigham Young of the Mormon Church paid us a visit with others and went down to the mouth of the Rio Virgin twenty-five miles away and camped over night on the banks of the Colorado. Before his visit it was given out that his company wished to cross the river and explore a little in Arizona. Word was sent to us inquiring if we could furnish a flat boat capable of carrying a wagon and team or would they have to bring a boat along. I answered that we would furnish a boat. There was no timber within sixty miles and it must be obtained over roads, or rather no roads at all with scarcely any water. We went resolutely to work. Teams were sent to Sheep Mountain for timber. When it arrived Brother R. Broadbent and myself erected a sawpit in a small grove of cottonwoods that I had planted and had grown large enough to make shade. We smoothed the sides of one log and split it with a whipsaw for gunnels. We sawed all the timbers for a frame siding floor inside and put it together, caulked it, pitched it, launched it, and tied it up to be used in ferrying President Young across the Colorado. But it was never used for that purpose. The president was so disappointed with the country he did not feel like making a further move in that direction. All that labor and expense was thrown away, so far as we were concerned. When President Young visited the Muddy Valley, he did not seem elated with the country, had very little to say, and let the ones accompanying him do the talking.

About this time the survey line was run between Utah and Nevada and the settlement fell to Nevada. They immediately sent officers to collect back taxes, although all along we thought we were in Arizona, were organized as a county and in the territory, paid our taxes there, had a probate judge, and sent delegates to the legislature.

We had four settlements on the stream, St. Thomas, Overton, St. Joseph, and West Point. The grist mill was situated about midway in

the valley about opposite and a little east of Overton, and some eight miles above St. Thomas. We made many improvements, many miles of water ditch, planted fruit trees of various kinds, and set out cottonwoods along sidewalks and in groves which made shade in a few years. We raised considerable cotton which we sent to the Washington Woolen Mills and Cotton Factory which we exchanged for cloth, yarn and other goods made at the factory.

FIVE GENERATIONS WHO LIVED IN ST. THOMAS

St. Thomas was abandoned twice in its short life of seventy-one years, yet there is one family that has the unique record of five generations who lived there. They were as follows: Mary Sophia Foremaster Maudsley, Elizabeth Mary Maudsley Prisbrey, Mary Sophia Prisbrey Prince, Lottie Mary Prince Bauer, and Mary LaRue Bauer Cannon.

Henry James Maudsley and his family were among the early settlers in St. Thomas. He was the son of Sutliff Maudsley and was born



Seated, Mary S. Foremaster Maudsley, Lottie Prince Bauer, child, Lottie Bauer; standing, Elizabeth Maudsley Prisbrey, Mary S. Prisbrey Prince. Photo taken in 1923.

ST. JOSEPH

Part Four

St. Joseph

ST. JOSEPH RECORD FOR ONE YEAR

The settlement of St. Joseph was organized about the first of June with Warren Foote, presiding elder. The city was layed out and a water ditch finished within ten days and the brethren proceeded to plant corn, sugar cane and some cotton, also garden produce. Considerable corn, molasses, melons and some cotton were raised the first year, but the brethren who came without families mostly returning weakened the settlement so much that the Indians took most of the corn.

The following is a list of the first settlers:

Warren Foote, president; David Foote, Jesse Johnson Fuller and family, David Holdaway and family, John Murray, Sen., and family, Thomas Riley and family, James Farmer and family, Swain Magnus Anderson and mother, John Moyes and family, Andrew Jensen and family, Christian Jensen, Lewis Jensen, Thomas Day and family, Jacob Ferguson and family, Peter Holden, Charles Wilkinson and family, John Murray, Jr., and family, Jeremiah Murray, and family, John Hiott and family, George Palmer and Family, Hans Peter Olsen and family, Smith Heap and family, Benny Benson.

Philip Klinging Smith and family, N. P. Werden, Orrin Clark and family, W. Baker, Jesse Baker, Simeon Cook Drollinger and family, John C. White, James N. Jones and family, Levi Hamilton Caloway, Cyrus Hancock, William Ferguson and families, Wilmer Poul, John Denton, William Wesley Willis, Sen., William W. Willis, jun., Alma Harrison Bennett and family, David Sessions, Greffaih Cherry, George Tucker, James Hunter and families, James Anderton, James Sessions, William Ferguson, James Crick and families, Carlos Lyon Sessions, W. P. Wilson, Robert Hunter, George Wilson, Elijah Elmer, Gilbert Summe and family, Norman Smith, C. Peterson, M. H. Bone, John Anderson, Ephraem Caffil and Richard Hunsley and family, Elijah Billingsley and family.

THOMAS DAY, JR.

Thomas Day, Jr., was born near Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, England, September 2, 1814. He crossed the plains in 1852 and settled in Spanish Fork, Utah. He started a fruit tree and nursery business.

When called to go to the Muddy Mission he tried to dispose of his trees, but as he couldn't he took a great many along with him. He left his home April 5, 1865, with several other families and when they reached St. George, which was the general rendevois for the volunteers to the Muddy, President Erastus Snow gave them instructions as to the route to be traveled and the final locality of the mission. The road was of a kind to make even the hardy pioneer of the wild west shrink from undertaking to travel it with the steadiest and stoutest of oxen, and close to the country they were to enter was the Virgin River with its treacherous beds of quicksand. This second company settled twelve miles above St. Thomas and the new settlement was called St. Joseph. A church organization was effected with Joseph Warren Foote as bishop. They were organized as a county in Arizona and paid their taxes in that territory. They found the water of the Muddy River milky in color and warm. It spread over the land forming swamps which produced, in this hot southern climate, a mass of bullrushes and grasses. Outside the swamps the land was dry, sandy, desert-like in nature, mixed with a grass called saleratus. Very heavy plows and strong teams were required to break the sod. Winds which remind one of the terrible "monsoons" of Africa and South Asia swept over the country, filling ditches and canals level faster than they could be dug out. Fuel was obtained by digging deep into large sand knolls for mescal which was dried.

The men worked very hard to make ditches and prepare the land for farming the next year. Two of their best and stoutest men died of dysentery, which had seized the people as an epidemic. Some children died also. Some got disheartened and left leaving a double burden on the few faithful who remained.

In the spring of 1866 (February 20) the cattle and horses had been driven upon an island formed by the branching river where grass was plentiful. The Muddy was narrow and deep and its banks steep on all sides of the island. Only one place nearest the settlement was fordable. No one thought of troubles or loss of the animals. Thomas Day and a campanion had been looking for them all one morning and thought it strange they could not be found. Suddenly they came upon a bridge that had been hastily laid and they knew the Indians had stolen the animals. The alarm was immediately given, but as the horses had gone with the cattle, the men were obliged to pursue on foot. They gathered up their tin canteens and ten men started following the tracks of the Indians all day and night. The following morning they found themselves on the Las Vegas Desert with empty canteens, no prospect of water, and already feeling the suffering of thirst. The tracks pointed to the mountains, a distance of twenty miles. What could be done by ten men on foot trying to fight hardy savages on horseback? They wisely decided to give up the chase, found water and rested, then returned home. A company of men from St. Thomas pursued the thieves for ten days, but returned unsuccessful. Here was a loss to a few half-starved, half-naked settlers of seventy head of horned stock,

besides all the teams in the settlement except a few cows and oxen. The Indians returned to the settlement in the fall and Brothr Day asked one of them what had been done with the span of mules for which he had paid five hundred dollars. The Indian replied that they had eaten them.

A great deal of labor had been done in planting vineyards and fruit trees, making ditches, plowing the hard ground, etc., when it was advisable to concentrate the people, or population, on account of hostile Indians. St. Joseph was, therefore, moved to Simon's Mill which was four miles nearer to St. Thomas, and thus the improvements were left and hard efforts futile. The new place was swampy, sickly, deathly, so another move was made to a higher bench and a canal of four miles was made to convey water which would frequently fill with sand and have to be remade.

Bishop Foote moved to St. Thomas and Alma Bennett was appointed bishop. He left shortly after and all the responsibility rested on Elder Day. During that year he performed a great deal of work in general. The people built adobe houses and the lumber required had to be hauled from Pine Valley more than a hundred miles distance, over sandy roads and crossing the treacherous Virgin River ten or twelve times a day. The people had become destitute for clothing. One man said he preached on the Sabbath barefooted and coatless. A load of goods came in from California and was bought with what cows and stock that had been saved from the raid, and was, of course, a great blessing. A good crop of grain and cotton was raised and the cotton disposed of at the Washington factory. One man, Smith Heep, became discouraged with his hard struggle with poverty, decided to return to Utah, and departed with the good will of the community. In crossing the Virgin the wagon turned over and two children drowned. One body was recovered, but though the agonized family remained for days upon the bank searching for the other, it was never found.

Salt had been discovered below St. Thomas and this was a scarce article in St. George. Though it was a distance of ninety miles and all the difficulties and dangers before-mentioned, Elder Day and a companion decided to each haul a load of salt there. After having crossed the river and passed on up the road, Elder Day heard a dreadful scream. He hastened back and found a man standing helpless in his wagon which was sinking fast in the quicksand, and a woman and a little boy struggling in the water. Elder Day unhitched his team and by swiftness and dexterity succeeded in rescuing the party who would otherwise inevitably have perished. Before arriving at St. George news was received of a startling nature. A "small boy" had made a fire in an old shanty to roast potatoes. A wind was blowing, no water near, the men nearly all gone to work in the fields. It was the old story of the results of matches in small hands. The shanty soon caught fire and the wind caught the flame carrying it from house to house. Elder Day's was involved. The houses had been built closely in a fort shape and a few gaps had not been completed or the whole town would have been

a mass of ruins. As it was half was saved. The schoolhouse, which stood in the center was destroyed. This occurred in August, 1868.

Following this occurrence the assessor and collector of taxes for Nevada came a second time with instructions to insist on payment of taxes for four years back. This had already been paid to Arizona, and the settlers did not feel like making the effort, amid all their poverty and distress, to pay over again. Neither were they able to stand the heavy law suit which would inevitably follow refusal. President Young visited them and learning of the condition of their affairs told the people they were honorably released from their mission and could leave or stay as they chose. They preferred to leave and though it was difficult to get outfits for traveling and all were destitute and discouraged at losing the improvements from the struggle and hard efforts of six years, all left the community for what they hoped would be a better place to live.

Following is a letter by Warren Foote showing that the men who had cattle stolen by the Indians on the Muddy tried to get reimbursement for their loss:

Glendale, Kane County, Utah
September 21, 1891

Bro. Thomas Day, Dear Bro.

"As I am making an effort to get pay for the yoke of oxen I had driven off by the Indians from the island when the Indians made that raid at St. Joseph in February, 1866. I have taken the liberty of sending your name for a witness that they were driven off by the Pah Utes (as I thought you would recollect that event), to my lawyer in Washington, D.C., and I suppose that you will hear from him, and I will be much obliged to you if you will make affidavit in the case of my oxen as far as you can recollect, and I will pay you for your expense. If you recollect some oxen were found killed along the road. The company who followed reported that they found my oxen among those killed. I have placed the value of the oxen at \$125.00. They were an excellent yoke.

"Please do the best you can for me under the circumstances.

"My health is not very good at present. I had an attack of something like pneumonia last week and feel very weak yet. I often think of our times on the Muddy, how we struggled there to build up that country and all for nothing, only to loose all the property we took there. But I suppose it is all right. We got some experience we would not have had otherwise. I would be pleased to hear from you.

"Kind regards to you and yours. I remain your brother in the gospel."

Warren Foote

Letters were also received by Mr. Day from James Farmer and S. N. Anderson. Thomas Day wrote the following letter to Thomas S. Hopkins trying to get reimbursements for his loss.

Circleville, Piute County, Utah

July 1, 1891

Dear Sir:

I lost on February 20th, 1866, the following named property: One span of white mules valued at \$600.00, which I paid for them. Two yoke of work oxen worth \$150.00 per yoke, total \$300.00. One saddle mare value \$75.00. Three cows value \$35.00 each, total \$105.00.

We had to abandon our homes and improvements on account of Indian troubles. We had made a canal with infinite difficulty, planted vineyards and orchards and on account of the difficulties we experienced, had suffered a great deal in establishing the homes that were being made comfortable when the Indians compelled us to leave them.

To put the estimate of my own loss at \$300.00 is very moderate.

I also sustained heavy losses on the Salmon River in Idaho among the Bannack Indians in February 25th, 1858, while attempting to settle that country. Claims were laid before Congress in September in the same year. Papers being made out by Curtis E. Bolton under secretary Hartnell, in Salt Lake City at the request of Governor Cumming.

Nothing has been heard from it since.

I am, my dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

Thomas Day

CHARLES PEARS SMITH

Born in Leeds, Yorkshire, England, January 9, 1833, Charles Pears Smith came to America with his mother, Mary Pears Smith, and four brothers, Thomas, Richard, William and John. The father died on the boat of cholera and was buried at sea. Landing at New Orleans the boys worked on the docks and earned enough money to bring them to Utah. In 1863 Charles and Mary Wilkenson were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Settling in Beaver, Utah, one child was born to them there January 24, 1865. Then they were called to the "ferocious Muddy" country, where they lived in St. Thomas for seven years. Mary was in great demand at public gatherings because of her beautiful voice. Three children were born to them while here, Sarah, May 29, 1866; John, July 16, 1868; Mary, October 22, 1870. While on the "Muddy Mission" they lived in the stockade which was made by digging a trench in the earth then placing posts upright close together in it, then weaving strips of wet cowhide between the posts near the top which drew them together as the hide dried. A coat of plaster then made a comfortable protection from either cold or hot weather. The roof was made by placing small poles from pole to pole and wall to wall, then the poles were covered with willows and bear-grass woven in and out over which was spread a coat of mud. This room had no window and was lighted only by the door, which made it gloomy until Charles added another room of adobe and added a window. They went through

terrible hardships and were just beginning to reap the reward for their labors when the political trouble between the states began and they moved to Long Valley with the rest of the Saints.

SIMEON COOK DROLLINGER

Simeon Cook Drollinger was born March 22, 1833, in Fountain County, Indiana, son of Samuel and Rachel Cook Drollinger. He married Ann Eliza Davis and Mary Emmeline Cordingsley. With four children they came to St. Thomas on June 2, 1865.

DAVID FAIRBANKS

David Fairbanks, son of Joseph and Polly White Brooks Fairbanks, Mountain View, New Jersey, came to Utah October 6, 1847, with the John Taylor Company. He married Susan Mandeville November 26, 1838, at Pompton Plains, New Jersey. They came to the Muddy in 1865-66. They had thirteen children.

WILLIAM WALLACE CASPER

William Wallace Casper and his brother, Duncun Spears Casper, both born in Richland, Ohio, sons of William and Avarilla Durbin were married before coming to Salt Lake City. They both came to the Muddy in 1867 bringing their wives and children.

JAMES FARMER

James Farmer and family was on the Muddy in 1865.

PHILANDER BROWN

Philander Brown's first wife, Orilla, couldn't have children, so she told her husband to marry again. She picked out Elizabeth Curtis for him and they were married in February, 1864. In October, 1865, he was asked to go to the Muddy Mission. In November he took his first wife and went to investigate. They settled in St. Joseph and stayed there a year. Then he went back for the other family, selling the house and going back to St. Joseph to find the town moved to a different location. The house he had in the old location was useless, so they lived in wagons and tents until houses could be built. The night the house was finished Elizabeth sewed the carpet together and helped tack it down. Early the next morning, March 13, 1870, a son, Charles, was born. Eight days later Brigham Young and company made a visit to the country and they camped around their house. On account of this company, she got up out of bed. When Brigham Young found her sitting in a chair he inquired how old the baby was. When she told him eight days, he immediately took upon himself a doctor's authority and ordered her back to bed. There she stayed until his party left. On her request Brigham Young blessed the baby and named him. Brigham Young and his wife, Amelia, had slept in their house.

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President Brigham Young and party at the mouth of the Virgin River March 17, 1870.



James Huntsman and wife Hannah Davis Huntsman.

JOSEPH SMITH HUNTSMAN

Born December 29, 1838, in Callwell County, Missouri, Joseph Smith Huntsman was a son of James and Hannah Davis Huntsman. His father was with seven other men that were harvesting grain when the mob caught and striped them of their clothes and whipped them because they would not denounce Mormonism. He also saw the bodies of Hyrum and Joseph when they were brought from Carthage.

The family was driven from Nauvoo by the mob and arrived in Utah in 1851 settling in Lehi. On June 12, 1858, Joseph married Sallinda Parker at Lehi, Utah. The father, James, married them.

In the fall Joseph volunteered to go to Southern Utah to help settle there; there was a big flood caused by rain in the mountain which had destroyed all they had done in "Dixie." In 1888 they moved to St. Joseph, Nevada. There he carried the mail for three years across the Colorado and Eldorado Canyon to Huckberry, Arizona, then to Cane Springs north of St. Joseph. He had a good home, but the neighbors were not of his faith, and it was four miles to church. Joseph was put in as presiding elder under Bishop T. J. Jones, and held this office for many years. They enjoyed many visitors, one being Brother Francis Lyman. He stayed at their home over night. Joseph got tired of living among those who cared not for the Lord's work, so he sold out and moved to Mesquite October 12, 1901. In 1907 they went back to St. Joseph where a daughter, Ollie Dotson, was living. In 1912 he went back to Gunlock and stayed with a son, Solon, and in 1922, went in the mountains with another man prospecting and took sick and died June 19, 1922. They had twelve children.

Planned

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MUDDY VALLEY

by Mary Jane Connelly Averett

(Written in 1937)

I came to Logan on January 12, 1894, but it was then called St. Joe. At that time there were ten families living there and their names were Jack Ellis, Robert Logan, Major Holt, Joseph Huntsman, J. E. Woods, Alonzo Harris, C. W. Harris, Milton Alexander, C. A. Connelly, J. H. Averett, Frank Baldwin, and Tapley Dotson. In the fall of 1896 the following four families came to Logan to live, John M. Thomas, O. G. Church, H. B. Mills, and Mr. Berry and family.

The crops we raised were wheat, barley, corn, cane, alfalfa, cotton, and vegetables. Most of the wheat and barley was shipped to Kingman, Arizona, and the cotton was shipped to Washington, Utah. The only means of travel was by wagon and team. Milford, Utah, was then the nearest railroad point. There were a few adobe houses, some tents, and some houses made of willows. All of the houses were covered with tule. The women in the valley all dried string beans, corn, squash, tomatoes, and ground cherries. We put up our fruit in five gallon coal-oil cans and soldered them. Some flour was hauled from Milford, Utah, but most of our flour was made from home-grown wheat. This wheat was ground in Overton by a man named Cal Kelsey on what was called a burr mill. But there were times when we had to grind our wheat into flour in our own coffee mills, and for weeks at a time. Some of it was so bitter from the sunflower seed that was in it that we could hardly eat it. All of the women made their own soap. They made all the clothing for their families; also their quilts, carpets, and rugs.

At that time we were a part of the St. George Stake. Thomas J. Jones was the bishop at Overton and Joseph Huntsman was the presiding elder at St. Joe. We had Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting every Sunday. We also held Relief Society and Primary. The school house was the upper part of Joseph Huntsman's granary and there were eighteen pupils at that time.

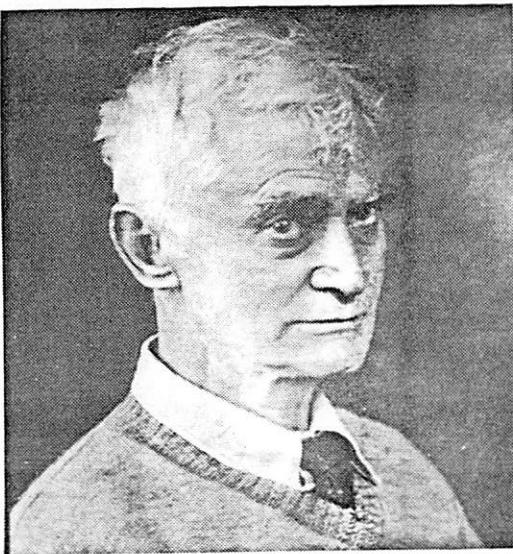
The teachers were Miss Brooks, Mrs. Cook, Harry H. Church, Miss Alice Mills, Miss French, Miss Henderson, and Mrs. Owens. The women visited a lot with each other. The cemetery was the one east of the Joe Adams place, but it also belonged to an earlier period. The first Indian agent that I knew of was a Mr. Sharp who came from Arizona. A Dr. Murtaugh was also the Indian agent, but that was much later, about 1914. The nearest doctor was in St. George. Mrs. Susan Johnson was the only midwife in the valley for years, but later Mrs. George Ingram, Sr., practiced some. There were epidemics of whooping cough and measles several times and there was an awful lot of malaria. In many homes everyone in the family would be down with it at the same time. This sickness was also called the ague or chills and fever.

This area was a part of Lincoln County until 1909. As I remember the main reason for dividing the county was that it was a large county and with their means of travel, it took the sheriff and other officials so long to make the trip. There may have been other reasons, but I do not recall them now. Mr. Averett and several others made the trip to Pioche many times and they always went by stage to Caliente and then on to Pioche. For years the only post offices were at Overton and St. Thomas. Then in 1896 we succeeded in getting one at St. Joe. It was then the names was changed to Logan in honor of Robert Logan, the first postmaster. The mail was all brought in by stage or on horseback.

There was a murder committed at the Weiser Ranch a short time before I went to St. Joe, but I do not know who the man was. Then Ben Jones was killed by an Indian named Avote near El Dorado Canyon while hauling freight. This was in May, 1897. Later Avote was killed by his fellow tribesmen on an island on the Colorado River. On October 27, 1907, my oldest son, who had been away from home for four years, was murdered for his money near the Kyle Ranch (Las Vegas). His name was Llewellyn M. Barclay. The only serious accident I know of happened in Overton when the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Cox was killed. Then several years later (1923) two of the boys in the Ingram family in Overton and Evan Lee from Kaolin were killed in a coal mine at Coalville, Utah. They had gone to the mine to work.

The floods we had between 1894 and 1922 were as follows: July 7 and August 18, 1895; August 18, 1897; August 25, 1902; March 18, 1906; January 1, 1910; April 12, 1913; February, 1914, and January 3, 1922. All of the floods did more or less damage, but those of 1897, 1910, 1913, and 1922 were very large and did a great deal of damage. I remember the dates of the floods because every time there was a flood I made a note of it along with other things that happened during my time in the valley, and there is some incident connected with almost every flood that has impressed it on my mind. Elmer Losee brought the first automobile to the valley about 1914, and Doctor David O. Beal brought the second one in a short time later.

NOTE: Wanda Averett Nicholaides, daughter of Mary Averett, adds the next interesting item about her parents: My father, John Harvey Averett, came from the Kanab country in 1894. He drove about one hundred head of cattle and some horses. George Segmiller and another Indian named Napoleon were his guides and helpers. He brought his children with him. He paid or traded Mrs. Logan forty head of stock for the forty acres of land that was originally our farm. It is now the southwest forty of Mads B. Jorgensen's farm. Mother and Grandfather Connelly lived on the McBurney (Wilford Whipple) place for several years. When the Gann family built their new home, my father made the adobes for it.



Charles M. Swain, postmaster at Logandale 1916 to 30's.

POST OFFICE

Mr. Logan was the first postmaster at Logan, beginning in 1896. He was followed by Mr. Church, then Mr. Lucian Hinkley. When he moved away Mr. Robison took it over. It would have been discontinued, but after two years Mr. Charles M. Sain, an ex-newspaper man who came to Logan for his health, took over the job and was postmaster until his death in the late 1930's. Mary Frehner took it over and when she started teaching school, Helen Barnum took over. When the war broke out she gave it up to do war work, and Gaylie Truman worked until Helen came back. Miss Barnum took it back until she got married when again Gaylie Truman took over and served until she died in 1963. Mrs. Luella Ingram had it for a few years and then Lester Mills took it over in 1963.

The Overton Post Office was first run by Mr. Whitehead. Mildred Robison helped her father, J. P. Anderson for awhile, then she took it over and was postmaster for forty-three years. Benjamin and Mildred Robison were called on a mission and gave up the post office to Garner Anderson. He was instrumental in getting a new building built, and it was dedicated in September, 1958.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOOL

School personnel in the St. Joseph School No. 11 in the year 1905-1906 were listed as Irma French, teacher; Bert Mills, John Hewitt, O. G. Church, trustees; Charles L. Horsey, county superintendent.

Part Six

Overton

Editor of the Deseret News

Overton was resettled in 1880, even though eight families had wandered into the area since the exodus of the Mormon pioneers in 1871. They had stayed on and soon other families began arriving. The first of these were the Whitmore and Ute Warren Perkins families who were the first Mormon families to return.

Jesse Crosby wrote articles to the *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City and called them "A Voice from the Muddy." He kept the people in Utah informed of what was happening in the Muddy Valley.

The following two letters indicate the conditions at that time:

July 31, 1883

In my communication to the *Deseret News*, "A Voice from the Muddy," Overton was said to be 90 miles from the Colorado River. It is scarcely 30. I was at the river the other day and was surprised at its magnitude. Mr. Bonelli, who keeps a ferry at the mouth of the Virgin (formerly Stone's Ferry), assured me the Colorado at his place was 610 yards wide, 63 feet deep in the channel, with a rapid current at full stage of water which happens generally about the 20th of June. It will then compare favorably with the Missouri. The steamer made two trips to this point this season. Her principal business is to take salt to the Eldorado mines, some 75 miles below. She can only come at full tide and then it is hardwork, but the going down is easily done in two and a half hours.

This is a country of salt. Not a mountain of salt only, but a range of salt mountains and much of it is as clear and pure as glass. Silver Reef (near Leeds, Utah) is partly supplied from here; it is furnished at the mines for \$2.50 per ton and is mostly quarried by blasting.

Grain crops are not extra this year. Hay and vegetables are good; barley is now selling at three cents, lucerne hay at \$12.00 per ton.

This stream called the Muddy is remarkable for its uniformity, remaining nearly the same all the year round. If the labor could be had to drain the tule swamps, this valley would be the granary of the south.

There is talk of a railroad. We wish it would come and so connect the Utah Southern with the A and P road beyond the Colorado. This valley would be a great feeder and would develop into something worth seeing.

We celebrated the nation's birthday with spirit and for the first time since the Saints vacated the place twelve years ago, outsiders were

OVERTON

invited and most of the families were represented and some of them took part in the exercises.

The bees of Deseret must of necessity swarm and I see no reason why the young swarms could not just as well locate near the old hive as to go a thousand miles away, as here is land and water unoccupied. The best recommend I need give the Muddy Valley is that there are three men here that have traveled through most of Arizona in search of a home and have returned and bought at Overton.

The sweet potato seems at home here and grapes and fruit will do excellently. I know of no place on the continent that can beat this for grapes. They are called "Children of the Sun" and here they get plenty of it. Timber is easily raised here. I have about 700 cottonwood trees growing, 500 of which I put out last March, mere sticks in the ground. I put them out by plowing a ditch or ditches about 80 feet apart and put my cuttings six or eight feet apart in the drill by running a steel bar for some four feet deep in the bottom of the drills and then thrusting my slips down the hole thus made with the bar. I put out my grape vines the same way, though not so far apart. An acre of land is sufficient for 1,000 vines. I have just measured off my cottonwood trees grown from a mere stick not much larger than my thumb, put out in March last, the offshoot from which now measures nine feet in length and a fraction less than two inches in diameter. For fish ponds this is an excellent place on account of the steady flow of water.

—J. W. Crosby

ENCOURAGING NEWS FROM OVERTON, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEVADA

January 15, 1889

Correspondence of Deseret News

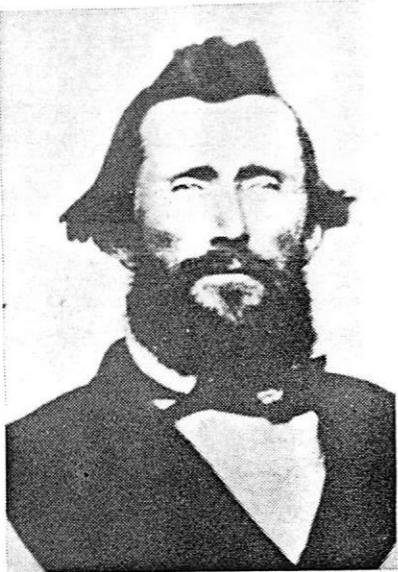
News in these parts is meagre, yet we are encouraged to believe that a railroad will soon enliven us a little. A short time since several hundred dollars worth of fruit trees from Geneva Nursery, New York, arrived here, with the green leaves still upon them. Though the trees were twenty days in transit, they were as fresh and fine as when first removed from the nursery . . . I understand that more of these celebrated trees are expected next fall. The English walnut and almond, together with many varieties of semi-tropical fruit trees, will flourish here.

President Brigham Young said, "People will cross the continent fleeing from trouble. Then on their return some of them will stop with us." A number of families are here from California; others have passed on to Arizona, saying as they went that land in California is too dear and rents too high . . . It is evident that homes in the mountains will soon be eagerly sought after by others as well as Mormons. Tired of the cold and snow they can here find a home where snow never

lies upon the ground; in fact, it is seldom seen except on the high mountains far away.

News reaches us regularly and we are glad of it; and feel thankful that the reading matter is worthy of perusal. We get it judiciously "boiled down" for us in the NEWS in a very readable form, thus saving us much time and trouble in hunting through outside papers.

—F. W. Crosby



Dr. James Whitmore



Elizabeth Carter Whitmore

OVERTON GETS ITS NAME

Overton received its name from the people living in St. Joe. Any one hitching up their team to their wagon would inquire if anyone wanted to go "over-to-town" to get supplies, as there was only one store in the whole valley at that time, and this is how it became named "Overton."

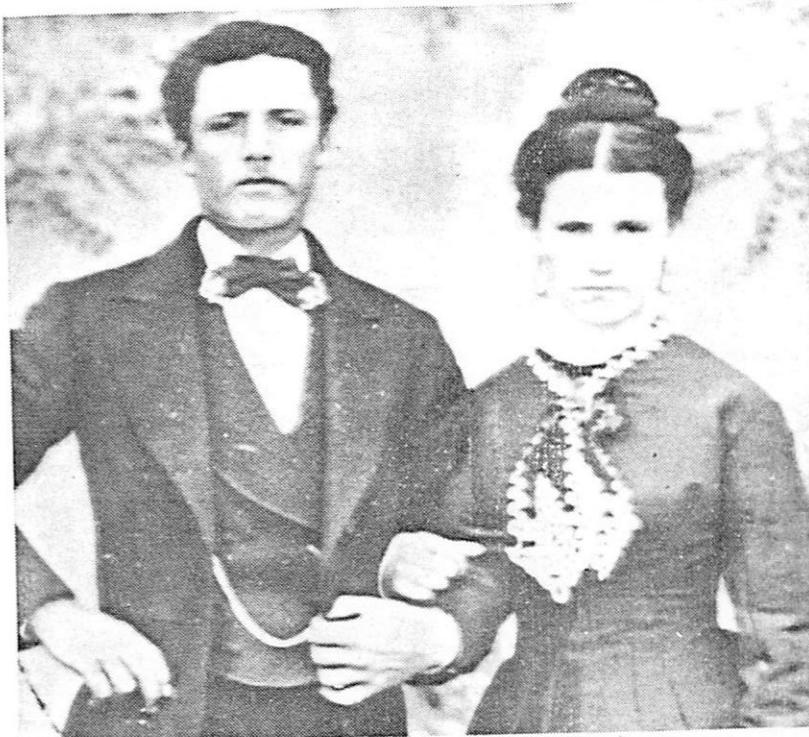
In the fall of 1880 Elizabeth Whitmore of St. George bought for \$4000 the Patterson Ranch on the Muddy, the first purchase of any part of the former homes of the Latter-day Saints vacated in 1871. A Mr. Jennings and his wife arrived, and seeing how things stood, bargained for property. He was rich in promises to pay, but his promises were never kept. He received an appointment to be Indian agent for the Muddy Indians and received substantial returns for the crops which had been planted by the Saints, selling grain at six cents per pound, lumber stripped from the homes at ten cents per foot. But this man didn't prosper. He became poorer and poorer until utterly disheartened he expressed himself that the "whole business was cursed." He became

OVERTON

so enveloped in debt that finally he left; broken in spirit, he soon died. The Patterson Ranch bought by Mrs. Whitmore had been the town of Overton when the Saints occupied the valley. Jennings sold it to Mr. Patterson and thus it became known as the Patterson Ranch. In turn he sold it in disgust to a Mr. Yokum, who sold it to Mr. Marshall, and he sold it to Mrs. Whitmore who gave it back its old name of Overton. From the D.U.P. files we learn that Abe Kimball had settled near the present Overton and had called it "Podunk," an Indian name meaning poor (1867-8).

EARLY BUSINESS

Henry (Harry) Gentry was born September 18, 1854, in Munden, Essex County, England, a son of Samuel and Elizabeth Davis. They came to Utah in 1867 settling in Coalville. In 1875 Harry went to Panaca, Nevada, where his brother, Edward, had his home. The nearby mining camps of Pioche, Bristol and Bullionville drew many hundreds of men seeking employment at that time. In this area he met and married Ellen Syphus, daughter of Luke and Christiana Long Syphus, who was born March 6, 1859, in Toquerville, Utah.

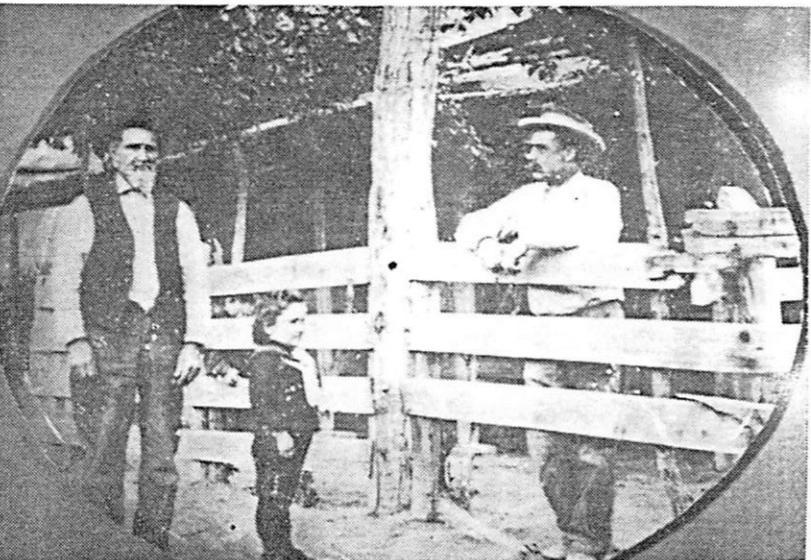


Harry and Ellen Syphus Gentry

In 1880 Harry and his brother-in-law, Edward H. Syphus, purchased the Beldon and Bright tract of 160 acres in St. Thomas. They divided the land equally. Ed was the better farmer, and Harry liked horses, so in the eighties Harry started in the freighting business and hired Indians to do his farming. At Eldorado Canyon, 100 miles southwest of St. Thomas, several mines were producing gold, and this is where Harry first took his teams to haul ore.

The Gentry Store was started by chance. About 1895 it was Harry's custom to bring supplies from Kingman, Arizona, to supply his family's needs during the months he would be away from home. The surplus supplies were sold to others from the post office which Ellen cared for during Harry's absence. Little by little, this practice grew until the Gentry Store was established.

When the St. Thomas Railroad was built in 1912, oats were shipped in every three months to supply the ore team hauling from the Grand Gulch and Bronzell mines 45 miles east of St. Thomas. Occasionally a car load of copper was shipped from the Tramp and Lincoln mines at Gold Butte. The teams no longer had to haul the extra 25 miles to the train in Moapa. The biggest outfit on the road was brought in by Buck Ross from Kingman—one seven span and the other three span. Harry Gentry bought these and added them to his two outfits. It took skill to bring these large outfits down the narrow, crooked and steep Grand Gulch Canyon. In making several turns the lead horses could not be seen by the driver, nor could he see the trail wagons. Rather than tassel with six or ten lines, some drivers used



Luke Syphus Osborn and Harry Gentry

one called a jerk line. These expert drivers were Stowell Whitney, Martin A. Bunker, Harvey Frehner, Jess and Bill O'Donnell and Harry Gentry, Jr. Brakes had to be manipulated by the drivers, and some wagons were equipped with a helper called "the swamper."

About 1915 Harry Gentry decided to stay in the store, and he turned the teams over to his sons, Sam and Harry; his son-in-law, John F. Perkins, and Alfred Syphus, a nephew. After a few months of hauling at Ivanpah these boys freighted from Las Vegas out 110 miles to the new gold camps of Rhyolite and Bullfrog. They graded for the Las Vegas-Rhyolite and Tonopah railroad tracks in 1905.

The opening of the Grand Gulch and Bronzell copper mines was a boon to the valley and Virgin Valley where most of the labor force was recruited. Ten or twelve freight teams went on the haul in 1908. Teams owned by the Frehnrs, Whitneys, Bunkers, Syphuses, Gentrys, and Potters in St. Thomas, with also one or two from Bunkerville and the Swapp team from Overton. This continued until 1921. Harry and Levi Syphus started operations on their Bronzell Mine in 1912 and the



Sam Gentry

Brigham Whitmore

Gentry teams were switched to this haul. This ore had to be packed off the mountain, a distance of three miles, by burro train. It took seven days to make the round trip. Should most of these outfits happen to be in town the same day, which wasn't uncommon, one would have to weave one's way across the street in front of the Gentry Store where oats, hay, and other supplies for the trip and the mines were being loaded. The hub-bub was terrible.

In 1913 it seemed the teams had had their day. The Grand Gulch Mining Company, in an effort to cut ore hauling costs, put a new five-ton White truck on the road which was rather disheartening news for the owners of the teams. It need not have been, as the motor of the truck ran hot, the brakes smoked coming down the canyon, and the six-mile stretch of sharp lime rocks cut the tires to pieces. The truck left the country after the third trip. Many townspeople climbed aboard to have their pictures taken as it was the first motor-driven vehicle to come into the valley.

In 1911 Harry Gentry had developed a ninety-acre farm on the Virgin River. Water was pumped from the river for irrigation. Calvin Nay leased this property, and it was here that he was buried with sand digging a well, and as result died from suffocation. Harry raised a five-acre vineyard of grapes here, and it was the custom to pickle the grapes with molasses. A fifty-gallon barrel was filled with grapes left on the stem, covered with liquid and cured with the coming frost.

PERKINS FAMILY

By Vera Moss and Clara Logan, granddaughters

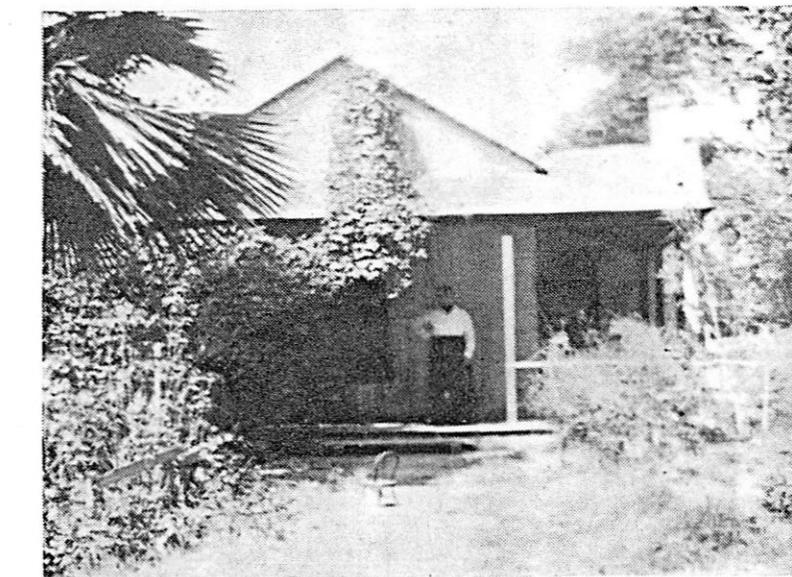
Ute Warren Perkins was born February 11, 1849, at Council Bluffs, Iowa. He came to Utah with his parents and settled in St. George. In 1880 he went to the Muddy Valley to plant crops and build a house for his family which came a year later.

Ute V., son of Ute W., came with his Uncle Billy and helped his father with the crops. During the summer he became acquainted with a boy his own age, Richard Huckleby. One day, playing in the shade of a black willow tree that was growing on the bank of a ditch near the Payne Bait Shop, Ute became thirsty and leaned over the ditch to get a drink. Richard said, "Don't drink there. Last summer a man lived under this tree in a tent, and he had awful sores on his legs and he would wash them in the ditch." He said the man's name was Jack Reed and he had gone to St. Thomas to be taken care of by Mrs. Jennings, a nurse there. Later when Ute V.'s mother, Sarah Laub Perkins, came to the Muddy bringing the family and Martha Cragun Cox to teach school, they went down to St. Thomas to get supplies from the store (it was the only one in the valley and was owned by Mrs. Rebecca Jennings and her daughter, Fannie Byers, who also ran the post office). Mrs. Jennings mentioned her patient, and that she had to dress his sores. They asked if they could watch. While there they asked Mr. Reed if he felt he was improving, and he said, "No, lady,

I'm not getting better. At times the pain eases a little, but I'll never get better for a reason. I was in the mob that killed the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, in Carthage Jail in Illinois. Every man who



Ute Warren Perkins and wife, Sarah Laub Perkins



Ute W. and Sara Perkins home in Overton (still in use).

was in that mob has suffered just as I am by the flesh being eaten off their bones by worms." Sarah Perkins and Martha Cox could actually see the worms at work and see a faint color of blood oozing from the sores. Later this man became so bad and the odor so terrible that they had Indians give him food and water, then he was left alone. When he died they rolled him in a blanket and buried him. His grave is unknown today.

Ute Warren had traveled into the valley with Mrs. Whitmore, whose husband, Dr. James Whitmore, had been killed earlier by Indians at Pipe Springs, and Mrs. Whitmore purchased land from a one-armed man named Marshall and his partner, Robert Patterson on the east side of what is now Overton. Here she kept a store, having goods freighted in from Milford or across the Colorado River from Mineral Park, Arizona. Mrs. Whitmore's property was inherited by her son, Brigham, who continued the store until he sold out to J. P. Anderson. (Brigham owned the house that Phil and Roma Jean live in today.)

Ute Warren Perkins and his son fixed up an adobe house that had been occupied by the early settlers. This they re-roofed with thatch and mud in readiness for the arrival of the family. In September, 1881, they returned to St. George to bring the mother and children back to the valley. Ute Warren had been instructed to try to engage a school teacher.

Then it was that Sarah Laub Perkins came to the Muddy for the second time. It was no more inviting than on her first trip in 1867. Wild pigs, delinquent from the pens of the first settlers, were rampant in swamps and mesquite thickets. Naked Indians were camped in small groups all up and down the valley. They stole anything and everything they could get hold of. Here the Perkins family arrived with seven small children, the youngest, George, just a few weeks old. They put their covered wagon box beside the little adobe house, and with their few belongings were ready to face the winter. It began to rain which stirred up the mesquitos with the result that scattered inhabitants of the valley suffered with malaria. When the Perkins family came to the Muddy there were only two white women in Overton, Mrs. Elizabeth Whitmore and a Mrs. Huckleby. Mrs. Mary Logan was the one woman in St. Joseph, and her children were Tom, Clara, George, and Frank. Mrs. Rebecca Jennings and her daughter, Fanny, lived in St. Thomas. The oldest of the Perkins children, Eva, Ute, and Emma, along with the five Huckleby children made up the required eight for a school.

Of course there were many bachelors scattered about living in abandoned houses of the former settlers. Mr. Roscoe, a very fine French gentleman, owned and lived on what used to be the T. J. Jones Farm. These bachelors were very kind to the struggling families. They would share their gardens and whatever else they had until the newcomers could get crops harvested.

There were also some men of outlaw character, Jack Longstreet at the old Weiser Ranch, and Mr. Dri at the Cane Springs Ranch and Upper Muddy. Jack Longstreet was a real outlaw, but Mr. Dri was

kind to people trying to get started. He ran lots of cattle on his range and would loan cows to men with families so they would have milk. Jack Longstreet shot Mr. Dri in an argument over property a year after the Perkins family came to Overton. His death was a great loss to the people of the whole valley.

According to Joe Perkins, Jack Longstreet was an outlaw running away from the authorities in Texas where he had killed a few men. These were represented by a series of notches on his gun. He wore his hair long to cover an ear that was missing which had been removed as a penalty for stealing other people's cattle. Longstreet married a squaw named Fanny and supposedly founded a town bearing his name in Lincoln County.

Ute Warren Perkins, with the help of Huckleby and others, built an adobe building about ten by twelve feet for the first school house. Mrs. Martha Cox was engaged as the teacher. This room was washed away by a flood, and while a new one was being built school was held out under the trees. Ute W. Perkins was a school board member or trustee.

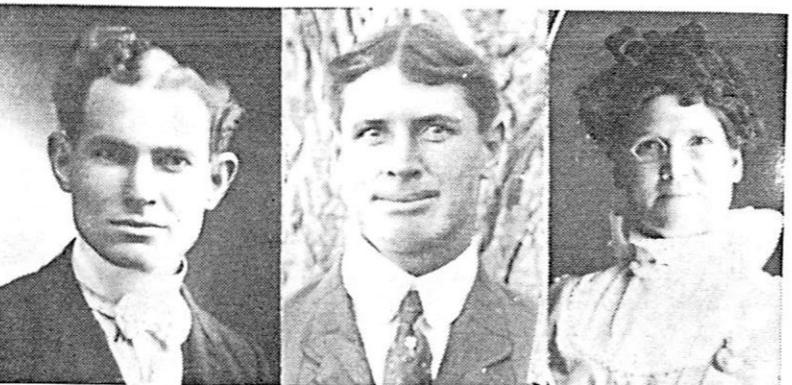
Ute Warren eventually acquired a tract of land that extended from the corner where the Lost City Cafe now stands, south to the Crayton Johnson property and west into the hills. He built a small two-bedroom adobe house, part of which still stands, on the property now owned by Brickers. He was a good farmer and provider even in those times of hardships. He always had a garden, cows to milk, butter, cream, and chickens. He planted an orchard, and he got fresh pork from the wild pigs that roamed the swamps. He raised hay and grain which was cradled and hand tied in bunches, tromped by horses, and squaws were hired to winnow it from the chafe. The squaws would put the grain in their baskets and when the wind would blow they would let it fall onto a large tarp or canvass. Most of the families ground their wheat for flour in the Perkins coffee mill which was just a hand-operated affair. The nearest grist mill was at Bunkerville. Twenty-seven crossings of the quicksand-laden Virgin River layed between the two towns, so the people of Overton used the coffee mill.

Ute W. Perkins, his son, Ute V., Jack Ellis, and Joe Huntsman got a threshing machine at Milford and brought it to the valley. This was the first one brought in which was around the year 1887-8. Late in the summer when the grain was ready to be harvested, they collected their horses and went from farm to farm threshing. This was a busy time for the farmers; it meant feeding eight or ten men and their horses for three or four days. The neighbors would usually help each other out, the women with the cooking and the men in the fields.

Mr. Roscoe, who married a little Chilean widow woman with a young son, moved here from San Bernardino. Mrs. Roscoe and Sarah Perkins lived across the street from one another and became fast friends. Mr. Roscoe was quite well off financially, so afforded some luxuries for his wife. She would bring a special blend of tea with little trimmed crackers to Sarah. They would visit over their tea cups and compare

notes as to the virulence of their attacks of malaria. Mrs. Roscoe would say in her inimitable accent, "Oh loria Missa Perk, I get so much chills and fever I'm just so fat as a match."

Ute Warren Perkins was a big man and fearless. He was not afraid to face up to the worst outlaw, and this he had to do, for he was made deputy sheriff of Lincoln County a year or so after coming to the Muddy. He never had occasion to apprehend any of the desperadoes, for after he was sworn in the bad men did their stealing and killing elsewhere. Jack Kellet (Black Jack) was one of the wanted outlaws of the time. He passed through the valley, sometimes stopping over for a day or night in one of the towns, but he never misbehaved in the Ute Warren Perkins territory.



John F. Perkins

Ralph Perkins

Eva Perkins
WhitmoreVivian Perkins
HickmanEmma Perkins
Barlow

One night when Ute W. was away on official business, Sarah had a little surprise experience with "Black Jack." It was raining this night and she had put the children to bed and was doing some mending when a knock came at the door. Upon opening the door she came face to face with Jack Kellet. He was dripping wet and was looking for a

place to get dry. He asked permission to stable his horse and asked for some food. Sarah told him to take care of his horse and she would fix him something to eat. When he came in he dried himself before the fireplace. After eating he took off his gunbelt. While Sarah cleared the dishes he took the bullets, one by one from his belt, and notched them into "dum-dums." Sarah was too frightened to go to bed so she took up her mending again. After the last bullet was done and replaced in the belt, Jack said, "Mrs. Perkins, you are afraid of me, aren't you?" She could only reply, "Yes, Jack, I am." Then he said, "You go to bed now. I've done many bad things in my life, but God knows I've never harmed a woman, and I certainly won't harm you." So she went to bed and left him by the fire. The next morning he was gone and three silver dollars lay on the table.

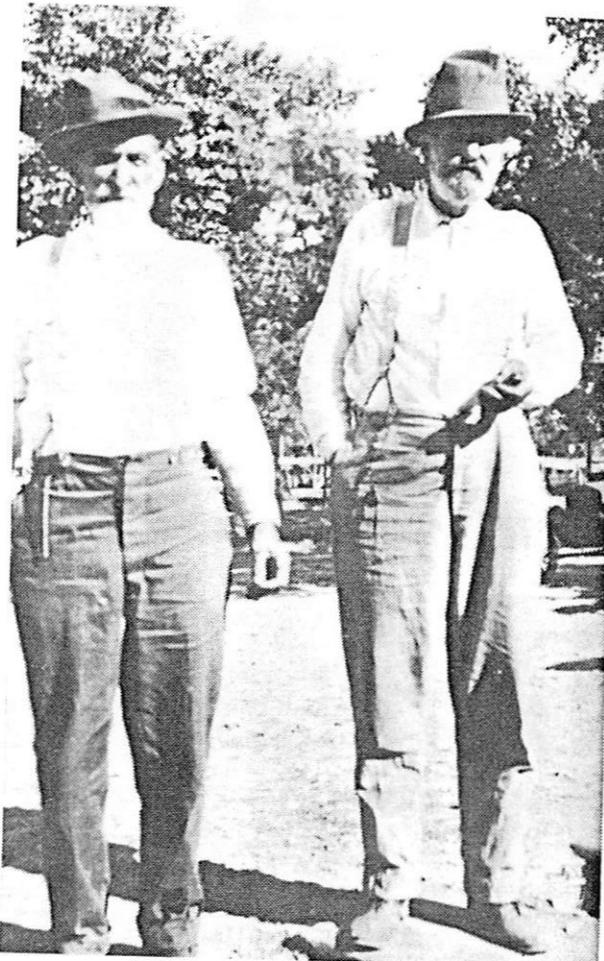
It was Sarah and Ute Warren Perkins who had the first organ in Overton. It was freighted in from Milford. This instrument took the place of Judge McGargle's fiddle for the dances. The towns would unite for the dances; everyone went. Children slept in the wagon boxes while young folks and old joined in dancing. Ute W. called for many of these dances, and they lasted until dawn. About midnight the women would bring out baskets and boxes of food, and after everyone ate they would go back to dancing. Eva Rosetta, the Perkins' oldest daughter, married Brigham Whitmore, and prior to her marriage she worked for Mrs. Jennings in St. Thomas. She recalls they cooked dinner for the whole valley the night Grover Cleveland was elected President, and they danced all night afterward.

Ute W. Perkins had the only sorgum mill in the valley. He grew sugar cane which he would harvest in August. The leaves and seeds were stripped off and the stocks then were run through the horse-powered rollers. The juice ran into a barrel, was strained into a huge vat, and then cooked and skimmed over and over until it was the consistency of honey. This molasses was in great demand in the mining towns. It was used to preserve peaches for the winter by the residents in the valley. Ute V. Perkins learned this technique from his father and made molasses for years. The Indians would say, "Heap good sorgum Ute."

The Perkins family took Jimmy Peters, an Indian boy, to raise and he became loved and respected by both Indians and whites.

In the spring of 1903 Ute W. Perkins was stricken with Brights disease. He was taken to Salt Lake City to a hospital and there he died April 18. His death brought sadness to the entire valley.

Sarah continued to live in her home with her unmarried children with the boys helping to make a living. She took Joe's baby daughter to raise when his wife, Alice, died soon after the baby was born (this child was Pearl Whitmore). After Sarah's children all married, she lived alone. Once in her late sixties she demonstrated her capacity for fun when a costume dance was held at Overton. The whole valley attended. Sarah was plump and short and had a bad knee that made it hard for her to walk, but she dressed as a little girl with her hair



Billy Perkins — John Thomas

in ringlets, a poke bonnet, and a short ruffled dress with a big sash. She was a doll, and no one knew her. What fun she had. It took one of her grandsons to pierce the makeup and reveal her identity. She died at the age of 88, in 1938.

The Perkins children were Eva, Ute V., LuEma, Joseph F., Pearl, John, George, Mary V., Fay, Ralph, Clara, Sadie, and Vivian.

Ute Vorace Perkins, the eldest son of Sarah and Ute W. Perkins, was grown up at ten years because of the responsibility that was placed upon him to help make the living for the family. At the age of twelve he worked for James Andrus, manager of the church cattle at Pipe Springs, Arizona. Before he was fourteen he was hired by Mrs. Jen-



Eva R., Emma E., Mary V., Pearl Perkins (sisters) — 1903
daughters of Ute W. and Sarah Laub Perkins.

nings to ride the Star Pony Mail Route from St. Thomas to Rioville (Bonelli's Ferry) on the Colorado. On this run he would leave St. Thomas early in the morning, go to Rioville for lunch, then on to Eldorado Canyon, across the Colorado to sleep, and then back again the next day. This was a hazardous trip over a wasteland desert with outlaws, Indians and unemployed miners always on the move over the same route. Later his run was extended to White Hills, Chloride and Mineral Park, all wild booming mining towns, yet this young boy carried the mail and was never once molested. After a year and a half of this job, Ute quit, mainly because Mrs. Jennings had sold out and was leaving St. Thomas.

He became friends with two Indian boys, Avote and Quoho, who were brothers. They spoke of Ute V. as "Shants of Ticaboo," meaning very warm friends. Years later, after Quoho was supposed to have



Ute V. and Ellen (Whitney) Perkins

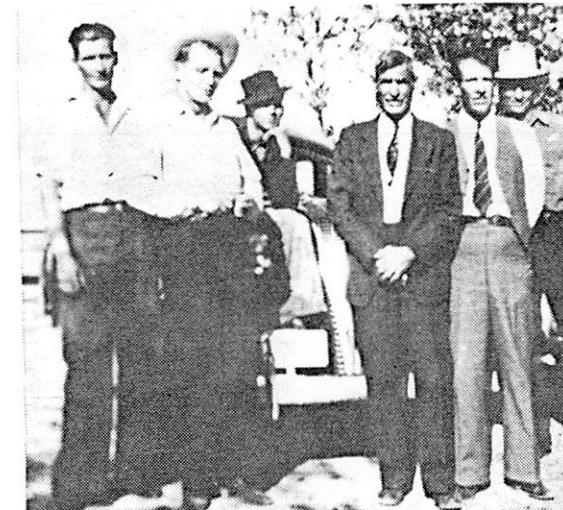
killed so many men and had become an outlaw, Ute asked Jim White and John Quali, Indians he knew quite well, if they thought Queho would hurt him while he was out prospecting in the area where the outlaw was supposed to be hiding. They said in answer to his quiry, "He no hurt you. He know you; we all play together, work together. He see you, you no see him. He no hurt you. You friend."

After he gave up the mail route Ute V. worked for Brigham Whitmore, a brother-in-law, helping him on his ranch and hauling beef to the mining camps. Whitmore's ranch was later known as Capalapa, and has since been divided into the farms of the Marshalls, Lewis, Featherstone and Okaki.

Ute V. Perkins and Ellen Whitney were married June 10, 1897.

He built the first brick house in Overton (Jack and Harry Fobian made the brick). In 1899 they sold it to Joe and Katheryn Perkins and moved to St. Thomas to farm the Wooley Lund Judd place for three years. In 1902 Ute V. and John Thomas, who had moved into St. Joseph from Pine Valley, bought a saw mill. They moved it to Sheep Mountain and sawed timber into lumber to freight to the miners in Delmar and Pioche.

Ute V. chose in Ellen Whitney a wife much like his own mother. Hardships and privation and loneliness she bore without complaint or loss of her sense of humor. The May Day after they were married (1898) Ellen was chosen "Queen of the May" at the valley-wide cele-



Ute V. Perkins and sons, Robert, Voris, Laurence, Arthur, Morris and Dale.

bration in Overton. Her attendants were Mary V. and Ella Jones. The following year she was chosen "Goddess of Liberty" for the Fourth of July celebration. In those days the Fourth of July was celebrated much more than Christmas. Always a program with a goddess of liberty and Uncle Sam was held, and after the program everyone set their picnic lunches on the tables under the shade of the trees to eat together. There were always barrels of lemonade with everyone drinking out of the same dipper. In the afternoon all kinds of races and sports events were held with a dance in conclusion at night.

JOSEPH PERKINS

Joseph Perkins was born in St. George, Utah, January 15, 1874, a son of Ute W. and Sarah Laub Perkins. They came to Overton in 1881. Making friends with the Indians, Joseph was known as "Shunobi" or Colorado God to them. Hucklebys and Haddens were squatters and lived across the creek north from where George Burgess now lives. There was water on both sides of them.

Joe says, "One time I was eating with the Hadden family, and Mr. Hadden was blessing the food before eating. Right in the middle of his prayer he heard the cattle breaking through the brush fence, and, without opening his eyes or raising his head, he started cussing the cattle and instructing the boy to go put them in again. Then he finished the prayer." At that time there were no poles for fences, so mesquite bushes were put around the area to make a corral. When the Mormons left in 1871 cattle and pigs were left behind and these were picked up by the squatters for their own.

to the valley in 1962 and made their home in Logandale. (A relative of Mr. Evans, Howard Egan, had camped on the Muddy River with an immigrant train in December, 1849.)

SARREL PORTER

Mr. Sarrel Porter came into the Moapa Valley about 1947 and purchased the motel at the south end of Overton. His wife, Louisa, has taught school since their arrival, and their children, Nancy, Roger and Susan, all graduated from high school. They have all contributed a great deal in the progression of the valley in many fields.

MAX BUNNELL

Max Bunnell was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, March 8, 1927. He received his school in Salt Lake City and married Julia Elizabeth Lewis there June 2, 1948, in the Salt Lake Temple. She was born in Provo, Utah, November 27, 1929, a daughter of August Gell and Leah Mae Wright Lewis.

Max graduated from Brigham Young University in 1954 and in August came to Overton to be the art teacher in the high school. The Bunnells had a daughter five years old, Leah Mae, at the time.

Max Bunnell was the originator of an annual art exhibit held each spring in which his students display their work in jewelry, ceramics, leather, photography, woodwork, watercolor, oil painting, and many other crafts. Local talents and professional work are also shown, and guest artists give demonstrations of art. The "Art Guild" is an organization of adults who take classes under his leadership. Mr. Bunnell has won many prizes for his work; his paintings hang in many places, schools, businesses, and in Governor Laxalt's home. He teaches people to understand and appreciate creative art. As a service he paints the scenery for the plays and operettas given every year at the high school. He is active in many professional organizations including N.S.E.A., a credit union, and also the L.D.S. Church.

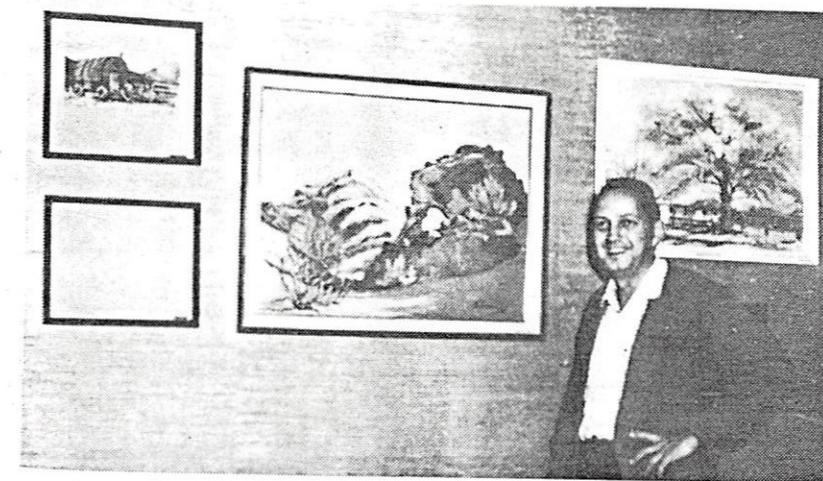
Julia Bunnell is active in the community helping to organize clubs, and serving as a 4-H leader and a teacher in the church. She is an expert seamstress, and she and her husband have helped many people in need.

Leah Mae Bunnell has grown into a talented young lady, a cheer leader and Debonette. She plays the piano and plays the clarinet in the band; she designs and sews her own cloths.

Another daughter, born in Salt Lake City April 29, 1961, named Edith Ann, was a joy to the Bunnell home. The family accompanies Max to the conventions wherever they are from Florida to California. The Bunnells are liked and respected by the community. His love of art has brought renown to the valley.



Max Bunnell and wife, Julia, and daughters, Leah Mae and Edith Ann.



Max Bunnell painting exhibited in Guild Theater in Las Vegas.

J. B. WITT

On August 26, 1957, J. B. Witt and his wife, Ardis Mae, and son, Joe, came to Overton. A sister, Ardis Wispel and mother, Roberta Shanks, also came to make their home here. Mr. Witt was a retired business man from California who had owned the Witt Dry Ice and Gas Company in Los Angeles. After a few years they moved to Las Vegas where they could be nearer to a doctor, as Mr. Witt was in ill health.

Upper Muddy Valley

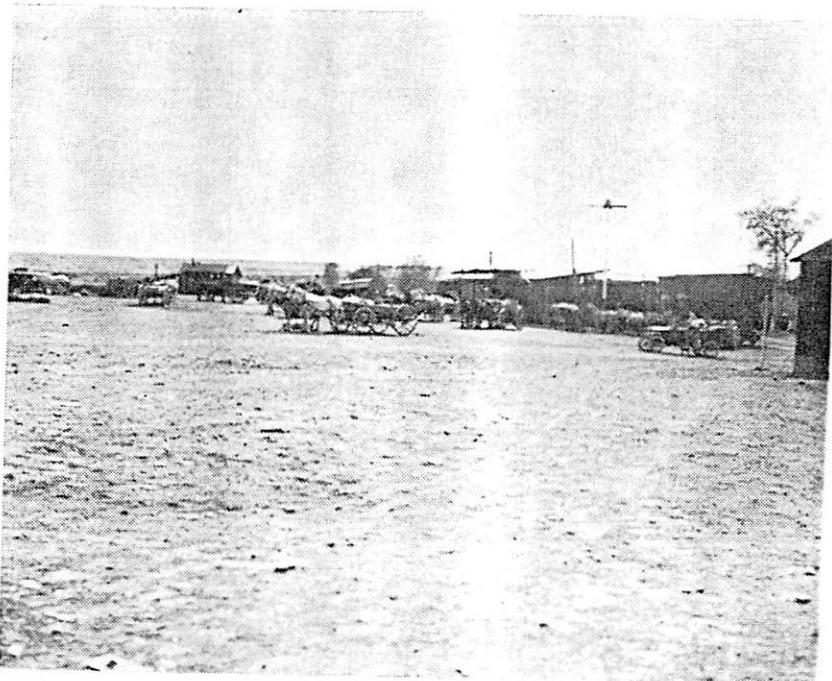
UPPER MUDDY VALLEY HISTORY

In 1868 missionaries and their families settled the Upper Muddy (near the present site of Moapa) and called it "West Point." Soil was fertile and produced an abundance of cotton. They found the Indians in an angry mood, well armed with bows and arrows, their faces blackened ready for action. Peacemaker Andrew Gibbons talked to them, but without success, so the missionaries armed themselves, and then the Indians cooled down. They had been angry because the Mormons had let their animals into a twenty-acre field of wheat they had planted. When Brigham Young was informed of the grievance he sent word for the Mormons to return to the place where they had been sent, which was St. Joe, or return to their former homes. Some did return north, but five families stayed. One of these families was Daniel Bonelli, who had been washed out by flood in Santa Clara and Beaver Dam and was determined to stay here. He became one of the area's greatest champions. He tells of the few brethren who came in the fall in obedience to the call, and assisted in the affairs of the place. Being progressive, they were diligently at work building homes and helping themselves and each other. If any were discouraged they didn't show it. A little later he said, "Our reinforcements sent last fall, have decamped again leaving 25 or 30 souls in 1868. Alma Bennett estimated over 100,000 pounds of "White Gold" harvested in 1868."

The first settlers coming to the Upper Muddy after the second settlement, were the three Liston brothers, William, Benjamin, and Theodore, and they started what is known as the Weiser Ranch. The Buck brothers and a Mr. Dri also settled in that vicinity.

The lower ranch, known as the Home Ranch, had its beginning about 1910. Mr. Gary lived there and ran it for Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald and Calvin Beach, brother-in-laws. About 1920 the ranch was leased to the Horton brothers, Tom and Bud, and Carson Buffington. They all came from Montana. They had a fine herd of Herford cattle and raised hay. Tex Eldredge helped look after the cattle. Mr. Ross was the maintenance man; he and his wife came from a New England state. There were hogs running wild in the swampland and these men from Montana had a lot of fun rounding them up. Mr. Ross's dog would go into the swamp and get one by the ear and bring it out in the open where they would shoot it, take it to the barn and dress it out. The meat had a certain wild taste, but these hearty men liked it.

In 1923 Ute V. Perkins and his sons leased the ranch and ran it until 1929 when Mr. Fitzgerald turned it over to Mr. Phillips and Mr. Francisco. Mr. Beach then bought it, and when he passed away



Moapa Railroad Station, 1923

Mrs. Beach left it to the Fitzgerald daughters who were the Beaches' nieces. They sold it to the Last Frontier Hotel people in 1940. Jimmy Hayworth leased it, then it was sold to Mr. A. K. Rupert, and in 1950 Mr. Francis Taylor bought it and owns it at the present time.

Another large ranch was the Baldwin. Ralph and Ethel Perkins lived there and operated it until Mr. Baldwin died when the ranch was sold to Mr. Ronnow and Mr. J. Housell. They in turn sold it to Milton Earl and his son Lee. After a few years of running a dairy farm, they sold it to Mr. Taylor, who made many improvements. He built a big fine home over the Big Spring, which is the main source of the Little River, and the place where people of the area used to go swimming and have parties. Mr. Taylor pioneered the introduction of the humped-back Brahama cattle. These cattle came from India and are impervious to the heat and insects, making them ideal for this location.

In 1913 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Doty and sons, Guy and Fay, came to the Upper Muddy. Guy was married and had one son. They filed on homestead land and dug wells for irrigation. Charles Doty leased the Experiment Farm in Logandale for a time, then moved to California. Guy took care of the place and raised hogs and cattle.

Another homesteader was Rolin C. McKay, who took up land north of the Dotys'. He dug a well and had irrigation water. His brother, Glen, helped part of the time on the ranch. Mrs. McKay's maiden name was Carnegie and was a distant relative of the famous Andrew Carnegie.

Two of the Dotson brothers worked for Mr. McKay, who raised turkeys, ducks, chickens, kept a few milk cows, and grew alfalfa.

Isiah Cox, Jr., had a small ranch on the east side of the valley. His wife, Annie Middleton Cox, was a sister to Dr. George Middleton of Cedar City. In 1921 they sold the place to Mr. and Mrs. James Logan, and the Logans lived there three years with their sons, James, George, and Dick. The place was then sold to Arthur Doty. They lived there a few years and sold to John Moser and Mr. Potter. John Moser lived there sixteen years when Tony Perkins bought it and in turn sold it to Clarvid Lewis, who also purchased the Housell and Baldwin, McKay and Doty ranches.

Mr. Blodell took up forty acres where the Iverson swimming pool is today. At some early date a small school house was built on the Home Ranch, across the stream from the ranch buildings. It consisted of one room with a small storeroom. It was neatly fenced, and horses ridden to school had a good pasture. The first teacher was Elsie Jorgensen (Whipple) the year 1920-21. She was followed by Marguerite Rice (Lyman) in 1921-22. The pupils that year were Harold Doty, Everett Doty, Warren Buffington, and Dick Logan. The school was known as the "Warm Springs School" and was a unit of Educational District Number One. Later it was moved south of the Baldwin Ranch in order to have it more centrally located, and to take it out of the area where cattle were feeding. In 1914 a Doctor and Mrs. Coburn took up land south of the Home Ranch where they built a swimming pool with water from the springs which were there. It was a private pool, but they let their many friends use it, and also patients who came with ailments for the doctor to relieve. He was a chiropractor and a chiropodist. In 1958-59 he sold his holdings to Chris Pedersen who has operated it commercially. Many people enjoy the warm spring water to swim in year around. Dr. Coburn is building another home and swimming pool on another piece of property he owns.

Hupton-Mining

HUPTON, NEVADA

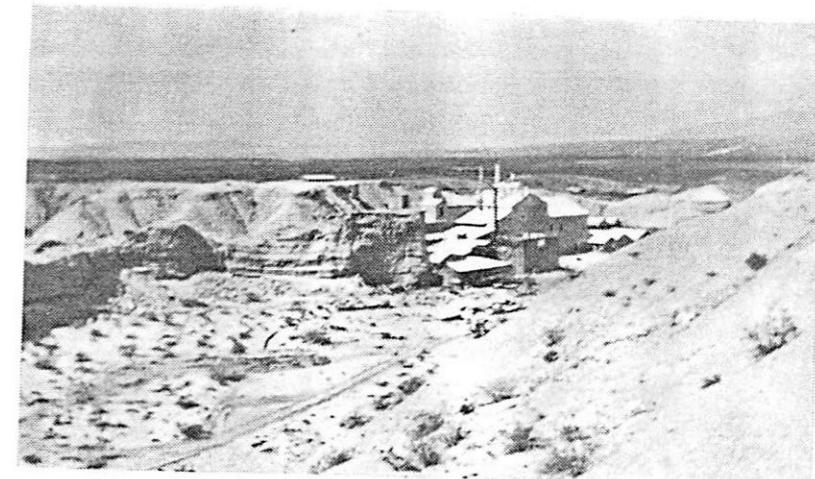
The White Star Plaster Company, located some three miles southeast of Moapa, where the U.S. Highway 91 crosses the Union Pacific Railroad at present later on was named "Hupton" after the general manager, A. C. Hupp of Los Angeles.

On July 22, 1921, Andrew Baker, Bert Truman, Jr., and George A. Chadburn arrived in Moapa Station by train at 11 o'clock p.m., and it was 100 degrees at Lady Powers Hotel. Next day was 120 degrees in the shade and no shade was to be found.

The White Star Plaster Company had been making gypsum plaster which was too brown to sell on the markets, so they were changing over for rock gypsum plaster and casting.

Fred Burgess was superintendent of the quarry and had sent for men to come and work. Howard Pulsipher was mill foreman, and Jim Gorin was superintendent while Ed Anderson was in Sweden on a visit.

At the time there was no union for the men, and if "higher ups" didn't like the looks of a man, they gladly gave him a start for home or some other job. George Chadburn considered himself lucky as he was left at the mill with Howard Pulsipher as boss, who was and still is a fine fellow to work with. In due time the mill was made ready to operate and start in business. It was at this camp that Chadburn



White Star Plaster Mill, July 7, 1924, Hupton, Nevada.